The Dark Side by bellabee

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Summary:

The Snowball Dance is coming up and Lucas is fed up with all of the extravagant asks. Dustin may just be able to change his mind.

The Dark Side

Author's Note:

> This is one of my first oneshot type things so it's not that long or that great but oh well
>
> ask inspiration: http://crownandshield.ndsj.org/wp-content/uploads/2016/02/Screen-Shot-2016-02-25-at-7.30.12-AM.png
>
> check me out on tumblr @maxine-gayfield !

The dreaded time had come yet again, dance season. The annual Snowball Dance was just around the corner, and all anybody could talk about was who was going with who. Lucas rolled his eyes at every extravagant "promposal", finding them pointless. Who needed to cause a big scene just to ask someone to dance with them in a sweaty gym for a couple of hours? In his opinion, simply asking the question was good enough.

These were the thoughts that were running through his head as he made his way to history class, as he saw yet another girl get asked out in the hallways and start crying. He stepped around them to walk into the classroom, plopping his books on his desk and sitting down in the uncomfortable chair. He turned to Max, an exasperated look on his face.

"What is with all these people and their extraness? Why do you need to write a damn message in the sky to ask someone to a shitty dance?"

Max chuckled at him as she turned to face him. "Beats me. Guess some people just like being the center of attention."

Lucas nodded at that, having been thinking the same thing. He looked back towards the front of the room as the teacher started talking, effectively starting the class and ending the conversation. He started copying down the notes as they appeared on the board, taking

in the information as it was given to him. He looked up as someone opened the door, watching as Dustin stumbled in, books practically falling out of his arms. The other boy apologized to the teacher for being late before taking his seat behind Lucas.

Lucas chuckled and continued to copy notes when he felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned his head back slightly, making sure the teacher didn't notice.

"What is it?" He asked Dustin, knowing it was him who tapped him.

"Can I talk to you after school?" He asked quietly.

Lucas raised an eyebrow at that. "Yeah, sure dude." He wanted to know what Dustin needed but he didn't want to get caught talking so he let it go for now.

After a long class filled with listening to the teacher drone on about some trading agreement in the 1800s, the bell finally rang. Lucas closed his books and stood, gathering them in his arms. He said bye to his friends before walking out of the class and walking to his last class of the day, English. He sat alone in the back of the room seeing as none of his friends shared this class with him.

The class seemingly went by quickly, and before he knew it he was at his locker and packing up his things. He shoved his books in his bag and hiked it up over his shoulder. He walked out of the main entrance, walking towards where Dustin always parked his car. He noticed a group of people gathered near it and sighed when he realized there was probably another ask happening.

He pushed through the crowd, trying to get to the car. He froze when he noticed someone right in front of Dustin's car holding a sign up. Said person had a Darth Vader mask on, but the curly hair sticking out of the top was a tell tale sign of who it was. Lucas looked down at the sign to read it. The sign said, in big bold letters, "Why join the Dark Side when you can come to the dance by my side?" He looked back up at Dustin with a confused look.

"What?" He said, the fact that Dustin was asking him to the dance not yet clicking in his head.

Dustin chuckled from under the mask at Lucas's obliviousness. "Do I have to read it out for you?"

Lucas looked around, trying to figure out who Dustin was talking to. When he noticed everybody was looking at him, he turned back to Dustin.

"Wait, me?"

"Oh my god," Dustin said quietly and rolled his eyes behind the mask. "Yes, you. You dumbass"

Lucas spluttered, not sure how to react. He was suddenly hyper-aware of all of the eyes on him, waiting for his answer.

"Umm, yes?" He said it like a question, still somewhat confused.

Dustin put down the sign and pulled off the mask with a smile at Lucas's response. He grabbed a bouquet of flowers that Lucas didn't notice earlier and handed them to him, bright smile still on his face. Lucas tentatively reached out to grab them from him, acutely aware of the people clapping around them.

"How long did it take you to come up with that?" He asked as the shock finally wore off and the people surrounding them walked off.

"Longer than I'd like to admit"

Lucas laughed at that and took his backpack off so he could put the flowers in, careful not to crush them. He looked back at Dustin's goofy smile and one thing ran through his mind, *Maybe big asks weren't too bad after all*